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*TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU*



*No. 23*  
*May*



*10c*

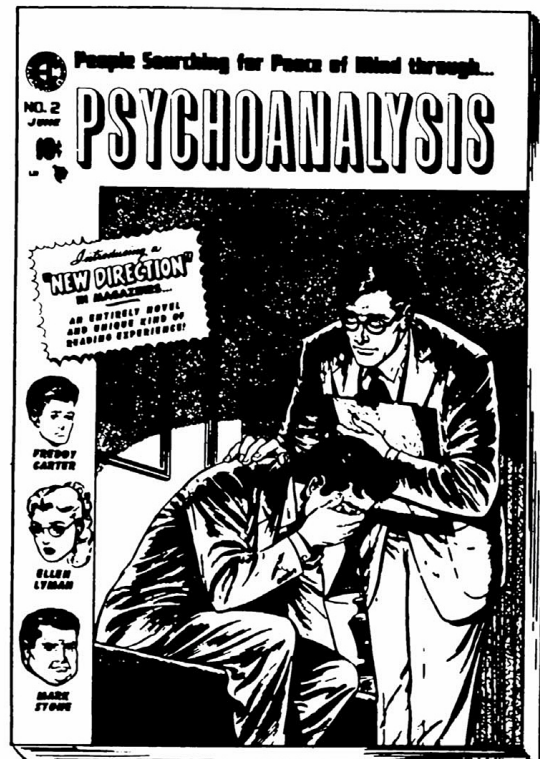
**MAD**

**THINK**

# E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION"

## ONE-TWO-PUNCH MAGS!

### A LEFT TO THE BODY... AND A RIGHT TO THE HEAD!



STORIES OF PEOPLE SEEKING HEALTH AND HAPPINESS THROUGH THE GRIM BUT STIRRING WORLD OF REAL MEDICINE!

STORIES OF PEOPLE SEARCHING FOR PEACE OF MIND THROUGH THE MODERN SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS!

## LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO EITHER OR BOTH OF THE ABOVE MAGAZINES...OR TO ANY OTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES... FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME EIGHT ISSUES OF THE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

- ☐ M. D. ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS
- ☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH
- ☐ VALOR ☐ PANIC
- ☐ EXTRA ☐ PIRACY

☐ WEIRD SCIENCE - FANTASY

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE No. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**very very**

**very very**

**very very**

**important**

**announcement**

**in the back**

**of the book!**

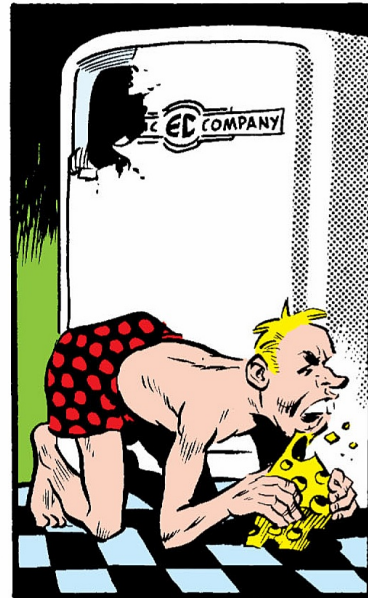
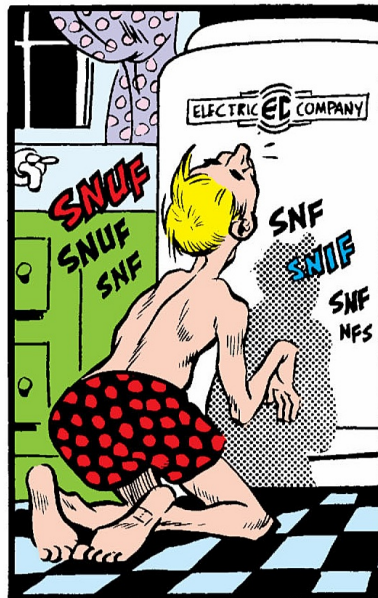
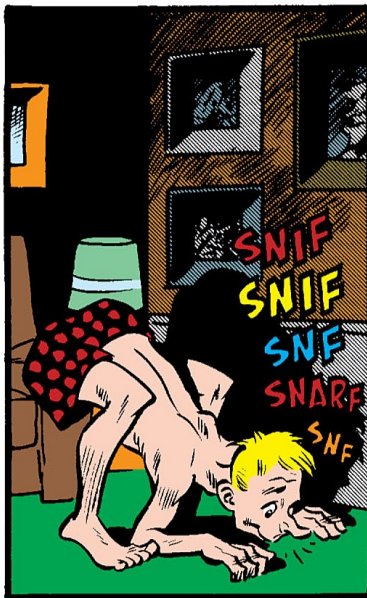
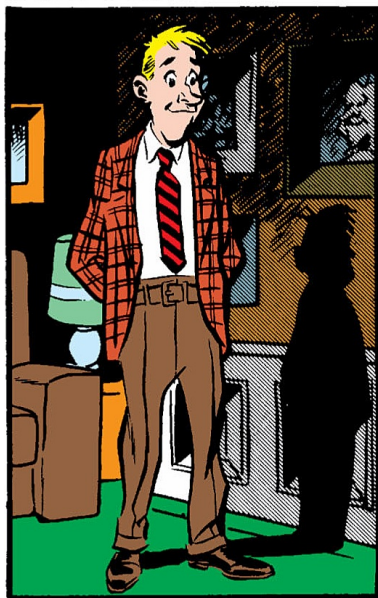


CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THE IDEA OF TAKING A REGULAR NATURAL-BORN MAN AND...

...BY SOME MAGIC, SOMEHOW MAKING HIM ACT AND DRESS LIKE A MOUSE!

...A MOUSE WITH PANTS, THAT IS (IN THE INTERESTS OF DECENCY)! CONSIDER THAT!

...A MAN WHO'D HAVE TO SKITTER AROUND THE HOUSE INSIDE THE WALLS AND LIKE THAT...



...AND CONSIDER A MAN WHO IS ACTING LIKE A DUCK WITH QUACKING INSTEAD OF TALKING!

...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A RABBIT, SNIFFLING 'ROUND THE CABBAGE PATCH!

...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A HOUND-DOG SCRATCHING FLEAS WITH HIS FOOT!

...OR HOW'S ABOUT A MAN ACTING LIKE A KANGAROO... WITH MAYBE A POUCH!

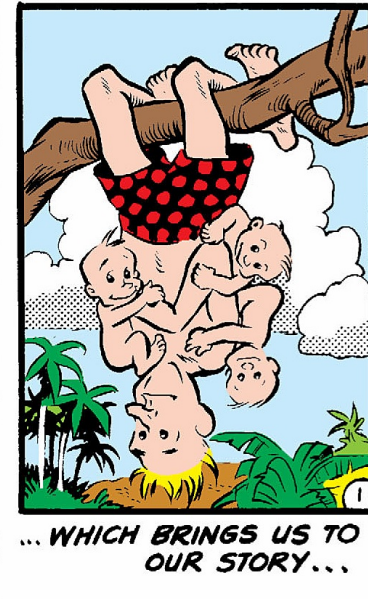
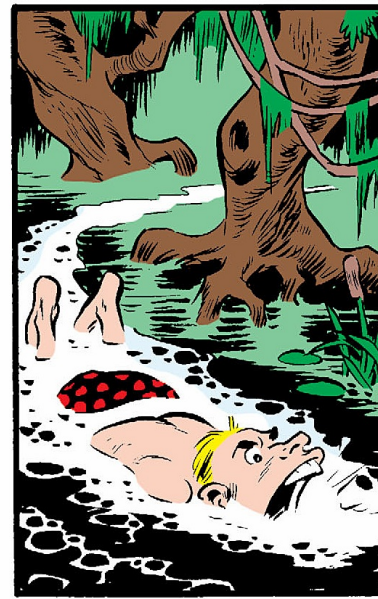
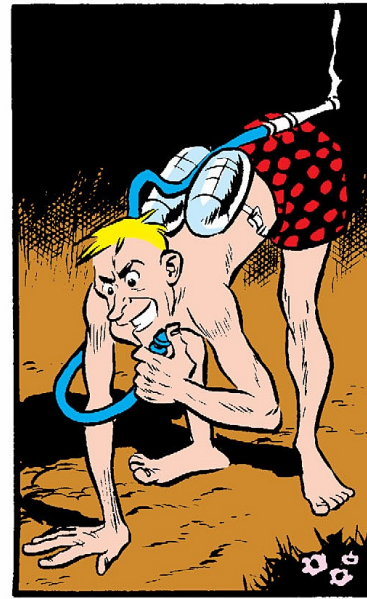
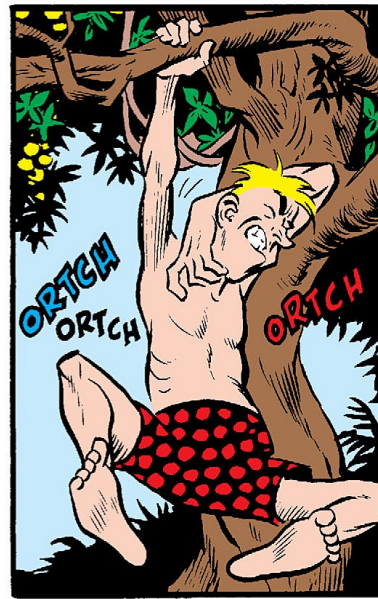


...I MEAN IF YOU CONSIDER IT, IT COULD GET PRETTY DOPEY... LIKE A MAN ACTING LIKE AN APE!

...OR SUPPOSEN A MAN ACTED LIKE A SKUNK... COMPLETE WITH ARMAMENT!

...THEN WHAT ABOUT IF HE ACTED LIKE AN ALLIGATOR SWIMMING AROUND A SWAMP...

...OR MAYBE A'POSSUM WITH THE CHILDREN HANGING ON LIKE BABY 'POSSUMS ...

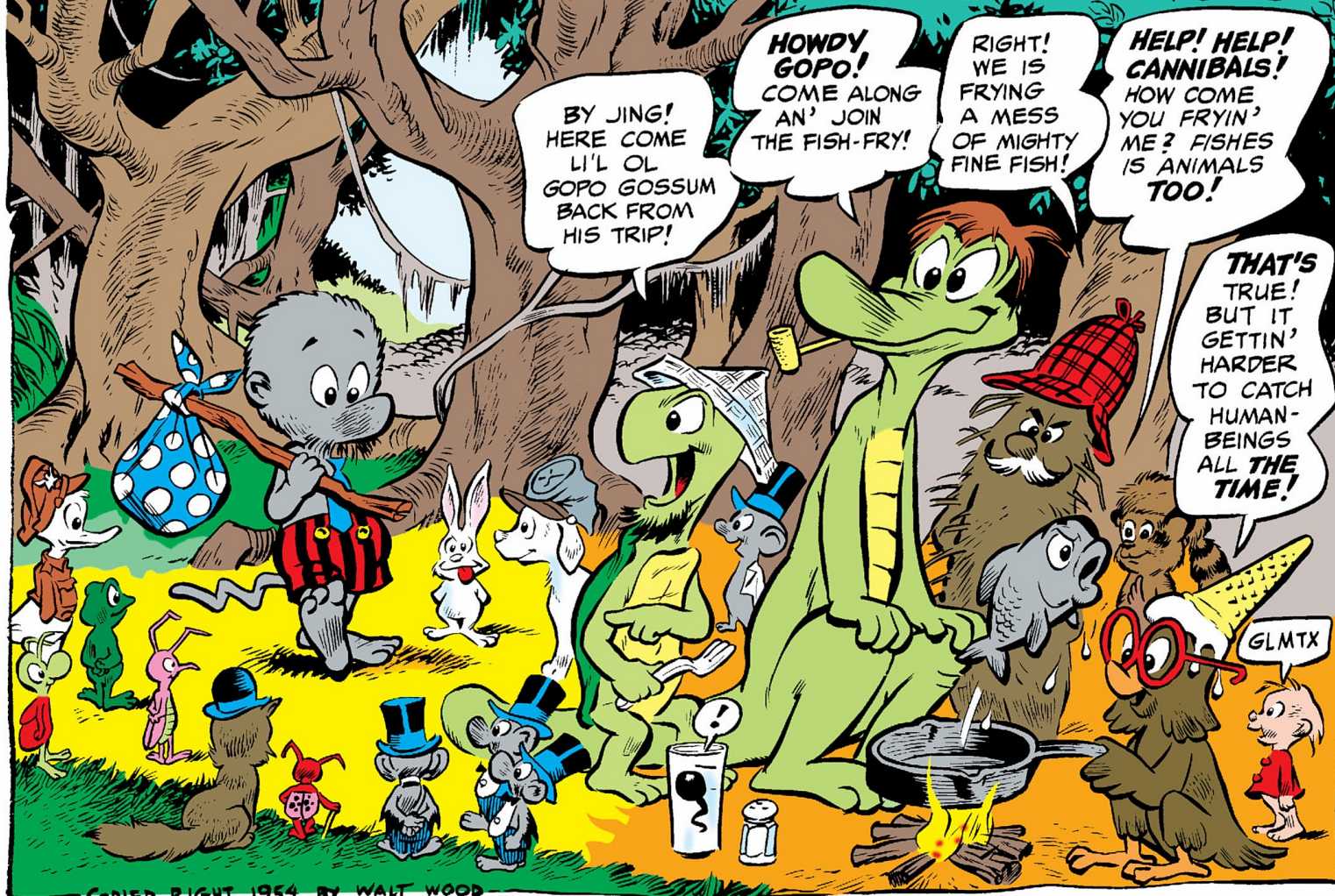


... WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR STORY...

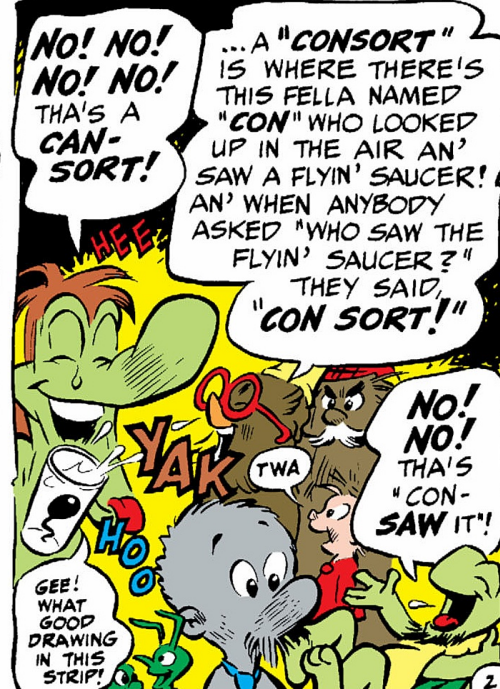
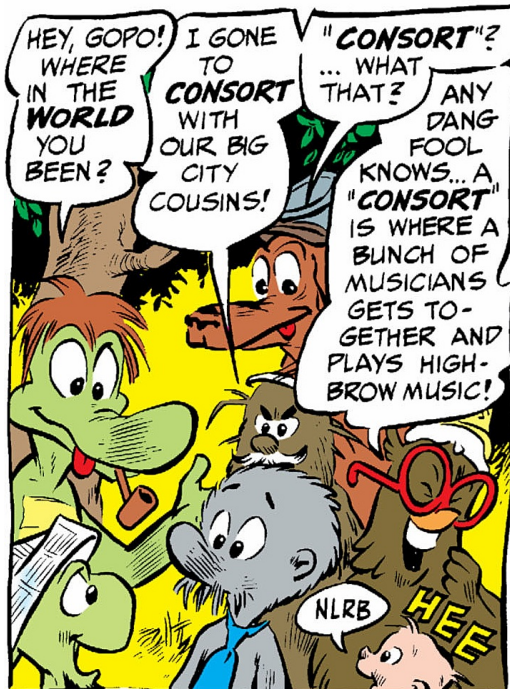


NEWSPAPER CARTOON DEPT.: THE FOLLOWING TYPE OF STORY IS THE KIND WHERE THEY DON'T MAKE MEN ACT LIKE ANIMALS... THEY MAKE THE ANIMALS ACT LIKE MEN! NOW WHY IN THE HECK IT'S THE THING TO MAKE ANIMALS ACT LIKE MEN... AND IT AIN'T NEVER THE FASHION TO MAKE MEN ACT LIKE ANIMALS... BEATS US... ANYHOW...

# GOPO GOSSUM!



COPIED RIGHT 1954 BY WALT WOOD





# PUNS! PUNS! PUNS!

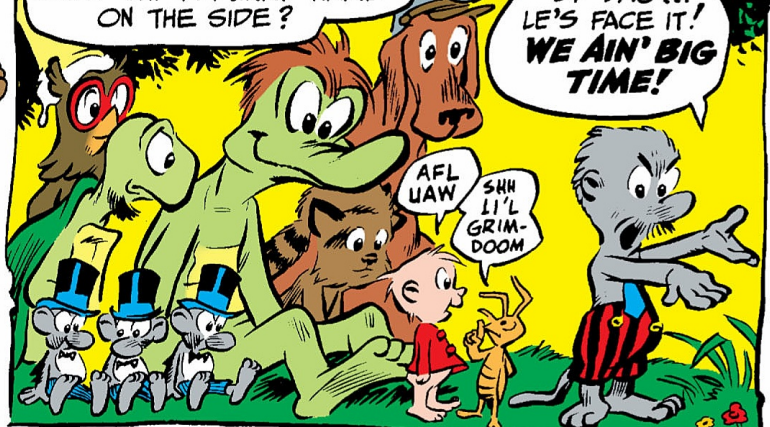
THAT'S ALL I HEAR ROUN' THIS SWAMP IS **PUNS!** HOW IN THE EVER-LOVIN' WORLD YOU EXPECT TO HIT THE BIG-TIME JUST SETTIN' ROUND MAKING **PUNS!**

I TELL YOU WHY I WENT TO **CONSORT** (WHICH ACTUALLY MEANS A CERTAIN TYPE OF SWORD) WITH OUR BIG-CITY COUSINS!

I BEEN THINKING... HOW COME OUR COUSINS IS LIVIN' IN 'SPENSIVE PENT-HOUSES WHILE **WE** LIVIN' IN A FLEA-BITTEN SWAMP?... HOW COME THEY GOT AUTO-MOBILES WHILE **WE** GOT TO GET AROUND IN A RICKETY OL' FLAT-BOAT WIF A PUNKY NAME ON THE SIDE?

WHY JUST LOOK AT THIS MESSY OL' PLACE! LOOK AT THESE BORDERS! ... **AIN'T EVEN DRAW'D WITH A RULER!**

BY DAG... LET'S FACE IT! **WE AIN' BIG TIME!**

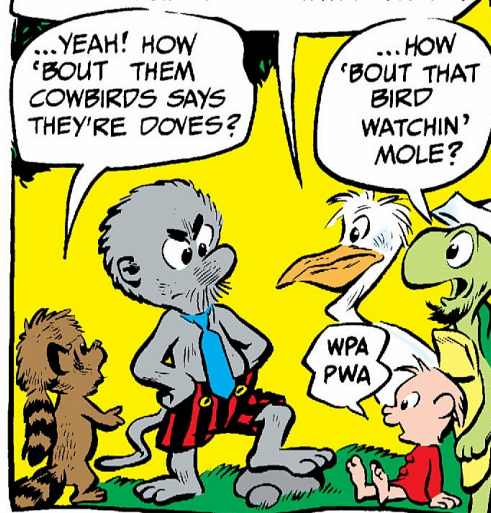


LEASTWAYS, WE AIN' BIG-TIME LIKE OUR BIG-CITY COUSINS! SO I UP AN' ASKED 'EM HOW WE KIN GIT POPULAR TOO, AN' THEY TOL' ME "**WE GOT LEARN POLITICS AN' JOIN PARTIES!**"!

**POLITICS AN' PARTIES?** WHY MAN! WE BEEN FOOLIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS AN' POLITICAL PARTIES FOR THE **LONGEST TIME!** ANIMALS COMIN' THROUGH THE SWAMP **ALL** THE TIME FOOLIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS!

AN' YOU KNOW THE POLITICAL IMPLICATIONS **THEY** HAD!

**PLATITUDES! PLATITUDES!** WE BEEN PLAY-IN' 'ROUND THE PEA-PATCH... WHEN IT'S HIGH-TIME WE GONE **INSIDE!** **WE GOT TO FOOL WITH REAL POLITICS LIKE THE DIXON-YATES CONTRAC' OR THE TAFT-HARTLEY LAW!**



...OH, GORO! PLEASE DON' GO MESSIN' ROUN' WITH POLITICS! DON' GO LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE!

DON' HAVE TO GO LOOKIN'! **IT RIGHT HERE IN THE SWAMP!**

I BEEN KEEPIN' MY EYEBALLS PEELED! WE GOT THE **REAL 100% MCCOY POLITICS RIGHT HERE?**... TAKE FOR EZZAMPLE THAT OL' WILDCAT HANGIN' OUT 'ROUND HERE...

...I SUPPOSEN'T YOU DON' KNOW WHO **HE** IS!... I SUPPOSEN'T YOU DON' REKKONIZE THEM HEAVY EYEBROWS... THE DARK EYELASHES AN' THE 7 O'CLOCK SHADOW!

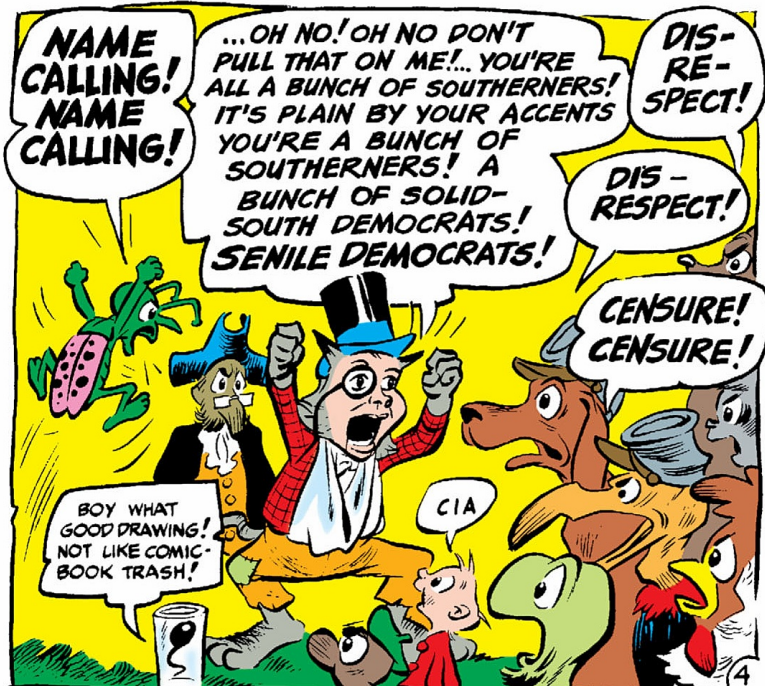
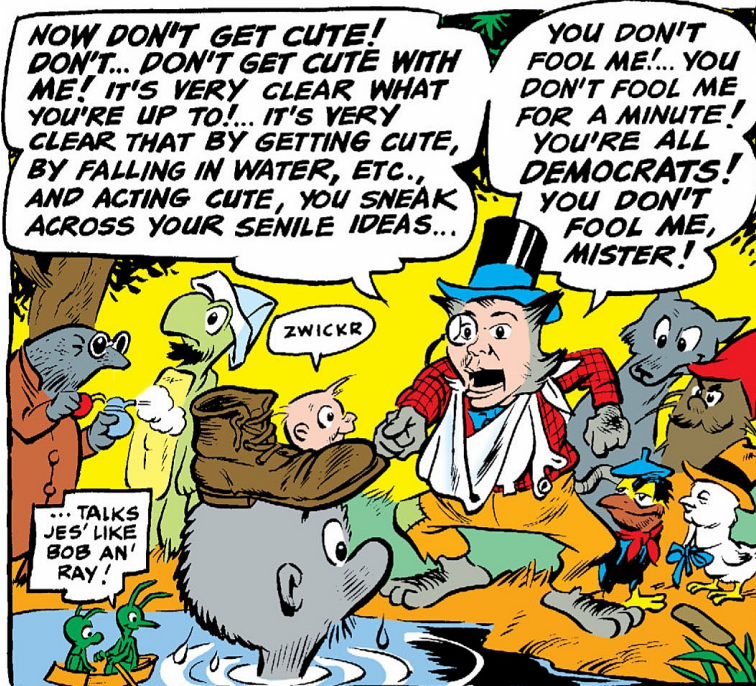
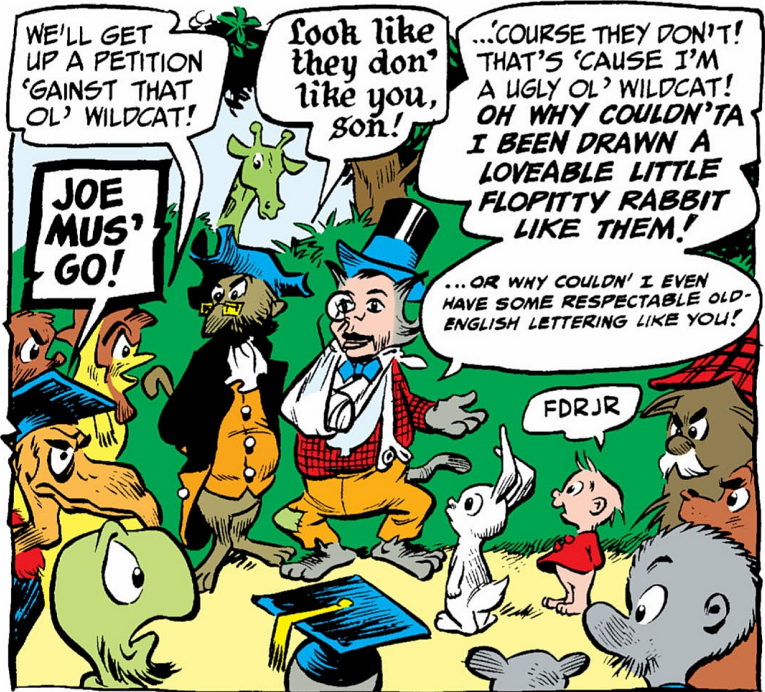
YOU TALKIN' ABOUT OL' **SIMPLE J. BALONEY?**

...THAT **SIMPLE J. BALONEY** IS JES' A LOT O' **MALARKEY!** ...HE AIN'T NO **BALONEY!** ...HE REAL NAME IS **MCCARTHY!**

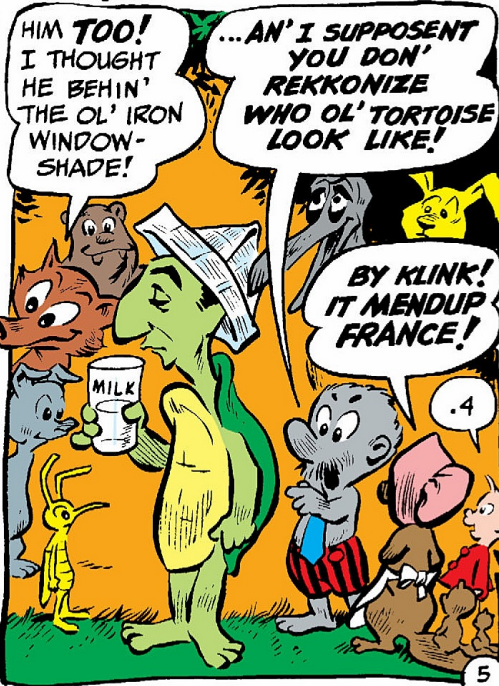
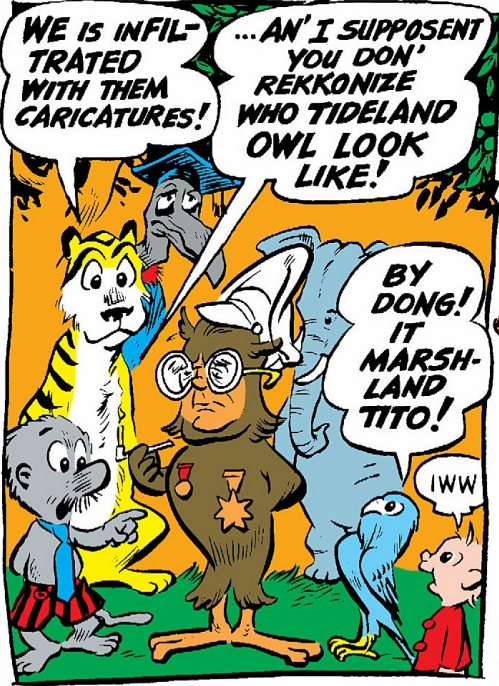
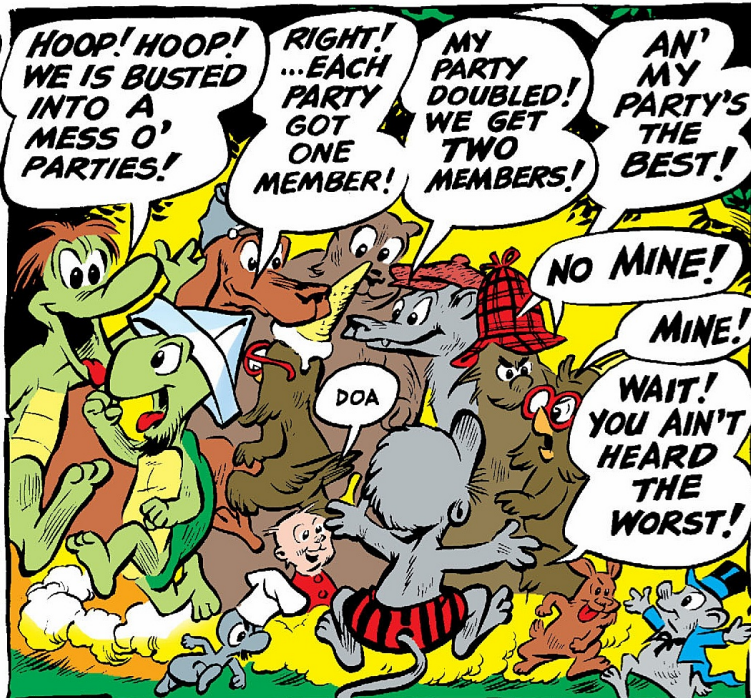
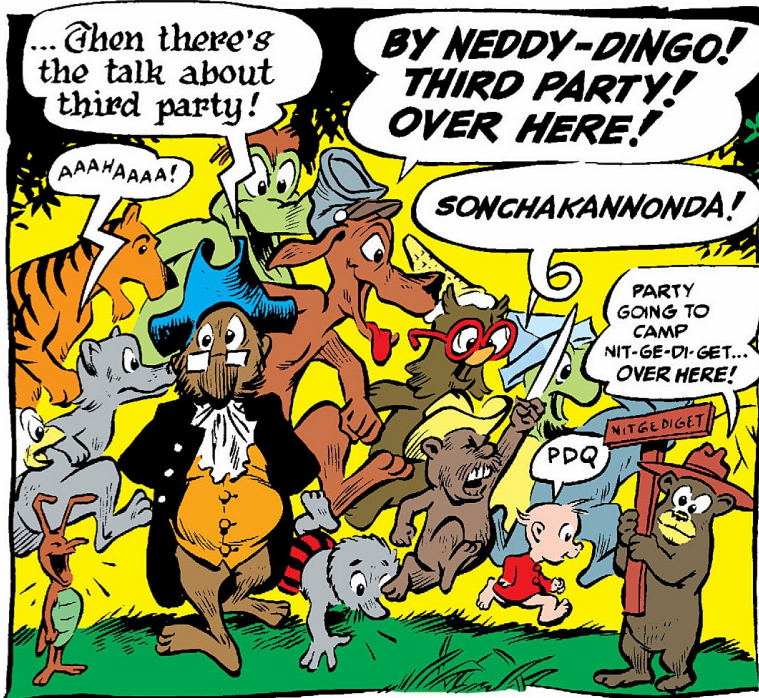
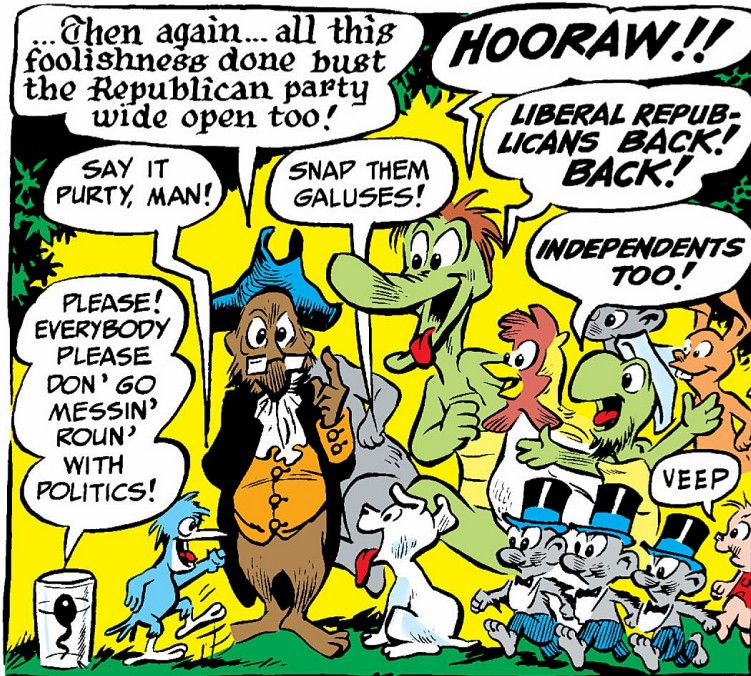
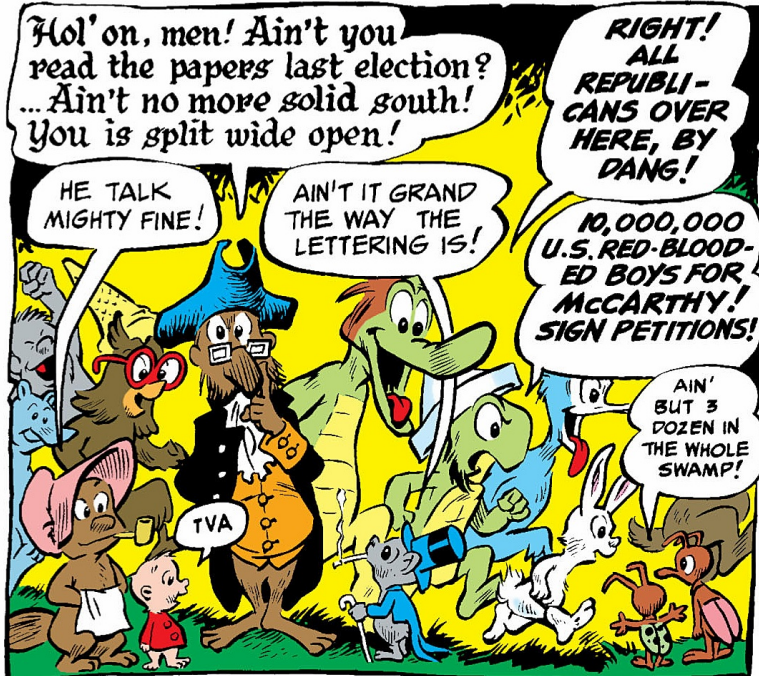
AN' THERE **HE BE NOW!**



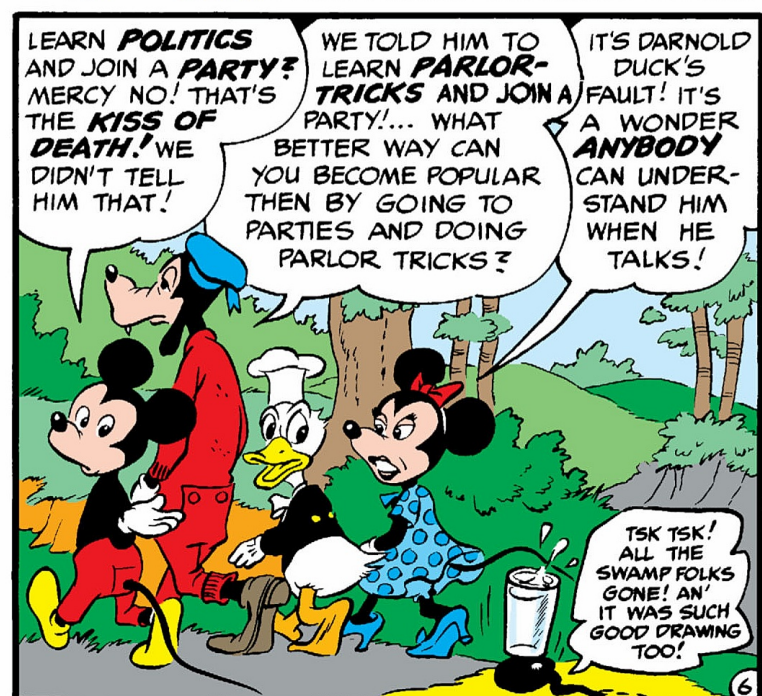
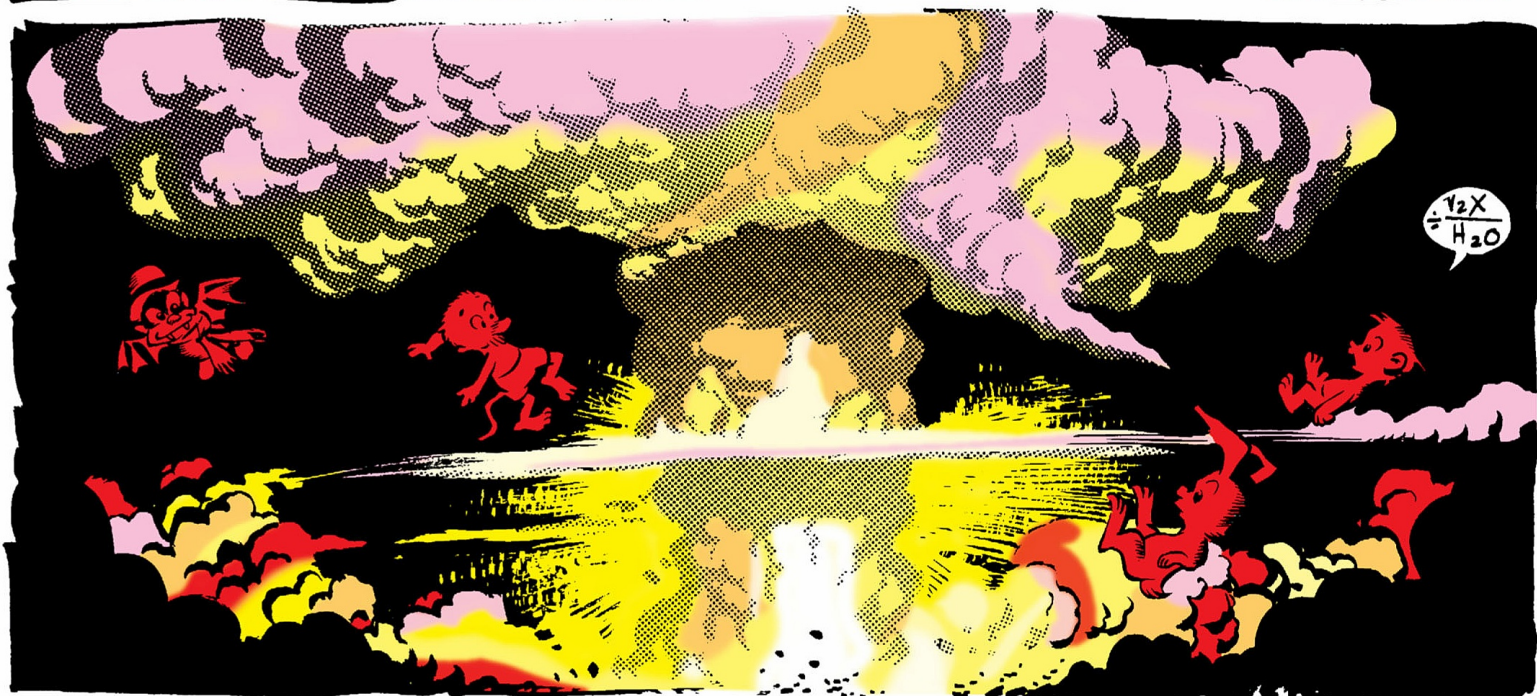
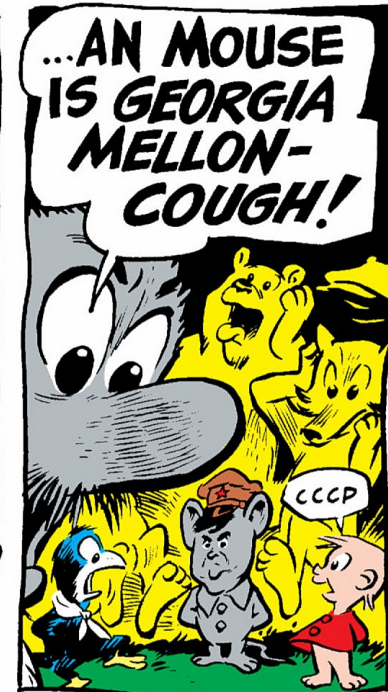
















# MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors:

The plans illustrated in MAD #19 for a veeblefetzter are very interesting. But one thing puzzles me. Does the veeblefetzter described really fetz veebles?—Willie Stein—(no address given)

... Your furshlugginer magazine is the best for do-it-yourself articles. The one on the veeblefetzter was top-drawer material. As I was looking through an old Erector Set the other day, I found an old left-handed veeblefetzter. The only trouble was that the throttle arm was caked with Mahtosh. Do you think that I could clean it with some good-old Grocket Farsmellnik?—Jules Fisher—Norristown, Pa.

... My mom's fine.—Ed—(no address given)

... If you take the chronological corresponding numerical value of Potrzebie with A equal to 1, B to 2, C to 3, etc., Potrzebie adds up to 116. And if you subtract 9, which is the number of letters in Potrzebie, you get 107. This is how many times I've kicked myself for reading your furshlugginer magazine.—MAD Mathematics Major of Farshimmelt Tech.

... Referring to the #19 issue, the Puzzle Pages, best send your proofreader back to Buster Brown comics because in "What's Wrong With This Picture #19," it is the 126th and 127th that is two-headed.—Vermine P. Sneaker—Vladivostock, Siberia—P. S. Got my latest issue ripped to shreds in its "strong manila envelope".

... What ever happened to the "strong manila envelopes" MAD used to come in. They now come in weak manila envelopes.—Vic Schwartz—New York, N.Y.

... My upper plate nearly fell out when I glommed that in issue #19, you had Einstein's equation written as  $m = \frac{m_0}{\sqrt{1 - (v^2/c^2)}}$  First of all, it is not Einstein's equation, rather it is a consequence of the Lorentz Transformation. However, Einstein used this value for  $m$  in the equation  $E = mc^2$ , which leads me to my second point. The correct equation should read  $m = \frac{m_0}{[1 - (v^2/c^2)]^{1/2}}$  and not the way you printed it. Thirdly, this equation makes absolutely no reference to increase or decrease of size.—Jack Richlin—Purdue U., Ind.

... In matters not conducive to modern expotential hieroglyphics, one would necessarily, if he be in a circumspetive frame of transcendental rationality, find it irrevocable that one, through pertinacity, ought to have the accendancy to imbibe knowledge in order to attain the sapience abrogated by such a status. If this is punctilious, such an entity would be abrogated and therefore could not exist. But due to man's lack of perception in these impending phenomena, we can perceive that the direct resultant is a fortuitous happening, stemming directly from the determinant. The ineptitude of the Homo-Sapien to contest such a pussiant force, as is the matter of such a hyperphysical power that is directly correlated to clairvoyance and metaphysics, can be expressed in the formula:  $E^2 + \frac{(M')}{(-\sqrt{-C+M})^3} = \text{ONE MEATBALL}$ .—Charles Schramm—Long Island City, N. Y.

... From looking at your cover on issue #19, I gather that you didn't know that a race-horse is only allowed 14 letters for his name.—Richard Burns—Kingston, N. Y.

... Never let yourself come to the point that you feel your "new-trend" comics have had no effects on the American scene. Several of my fellow students here at the University of Kentucky have been requested by their English instructors to write themes on two subjects: Horror mags in general and MAD in particular. Don't give up the ghost.—Bill Tully—Lexington, Ky.

... In your attempt to satirize the Super Market, I think you have done the industry an injustice. I do not find the experience of your character, Mr. Sturdley, in SUPERMARKET, (MAD #19) really funny, because it does not reflect the truth. Let me give you a few facts. The Super Market started to serve the American public at the beginning of the depression when pennies meant so much to the average family. The Super Market opened up in old barns, in abandoned factories and garages, and gave our hard-pressed American people an opportunity to save in those days anywhere from 20% to 30% on their food. In the intervening years, the Super Market continued to grow. The old barns in which they originally opened up with shabby fixtures and barn-like atmosphere, soon disappeared. Super Market operators gave Mrs. Consumer beautiful markets, shopping conveniences, a tremendous assortment of foods at the lowest possible price. They catered to her every possible whim and wish and looked out for her welfare by making the market a wonderful place for her to buy, while actually saving on her food dollars. Mrs. Consumer liked these markets so much that she kept coming in more frequently and in greater number. Today there are something like 341,000 retail food stores in America. There are only about 18,000 Super Markets in the United States. Representing about 5% of all the retail food stores, these Super Markets now serve America with over 50% of its foods. And in serving America with its foods, the Super Market is saving the consuming public at least 10% on her food dollar purchases. Not alone that, but the Super Markets maintain competition to the lowest price level. Each year, Mrs. Consumer saves approximately 2 billion or more dollars on her food bill which she uses to buy other necessities. So you can see the Super Market is rendering a very definite and distinct service to the American public. The imagination used in your comic strip conveys the impression to your readers that the Super Market should be the last place that one should patronize. And you end up by having your hero go back to Mr. Furd's grocery store where the customer can "squeeze the rolls to see if they're fresh." What you are asking is that they go back, virtually, to the gaslight era. I do not mean that the corner grocer has no place in food retailing; but if he has not emulated the Super Market in introducing the new efficiencies and economies that have developed, he is not rendering a service to the public. We believe you have been unfair to a great industry which has served the public well, and it would be only just to present the Super Market to your readers in the proper light.—M. M. Zimmerman, publisher Super Market Merchandising—New York, N. Y.

## Advertisement

Write us more. We're lonely. No more subscriptions though. For explanation, turn to last page for vital message. Our address, as ever, is:

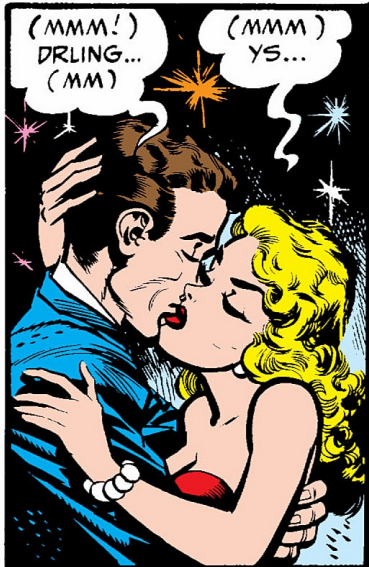
MAD Editors  
Dept. 23, Room 706  
225 Lafayette Street  
New York 12, N. Y.



CLICHE DEPT.: SAY... YOU KNOW HOW YOU WISH THEY DID SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR A CHANGE? THAT'S *THIS* FEATURE! FIRST WE'RE GOING TO SHOW SCENES WE ALWAYS SEE! THEN WE SHOW THEM AGAIN WITH LITTLE NAUSEATING CHANGES SO THEY'RE...

# SCENES WE'D... **LIKE TO SEE!**

FORINSTANCE, TAKE PEOPLE KISSING!...DID YOU EVER SEE PEOPLE WHO WERE KISSING?...I MEAN REAL NECKING KISSING? AFTER REAL NECKING KISSING, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST BEEN HIT IN THE MOUTH WITH A ROTTEN TOMATO! BUT DO THEY SHOW IT THAT WAY IN MOVIES? NEVER! WHAT THEY DO IS THEY HAVE THIS GORGEOUS BLONDE, PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL, AND...WELL, ON THIS HALF OF THE PAGE IS WHAT HAPPENS IN THE *KISSING SCENE*...

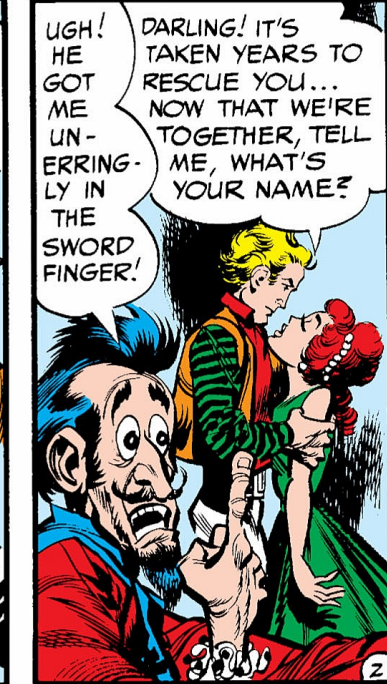


...AND HERE'S THE KISSING-SCENE THE WAY WE'D LIKE TO SEE IT!





...THEN HOW'S ABOUT **THE FENCING-SCENE!**...HERE'S THIS DIRTY-RAT COUNT... OR DUKE...OR WICKED-UNCLE MAYBE, IN THE OLD-EN DAYS, WHO WINS THROUGH THE WHOLE PICTURE! BUT IN THE END THE HERO ESCAPES FROM THE DUNGEON AND FREES THE PEASANTS WHO STORM THE CASTLE AND OVERPOWER THE BAD SOLDIERS! MEANWHILE THE HERO CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW TO RESCUE THE GIRL, A GORGEOUS BLONDE, WHERE HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE BAD GUY IN A ROOM WITH PLENTY OF STEPS AND STUFF TO DUEL AROUND ON! SO HERE GOES THE **FENCING-SCENE...**





...AND HERE'S  
THE FENCING-  
SCENE THE  
WAY WE'D  
LIKE TO  
SEE IT!





...THEN HOW'S ABOUT THE **SURROUNDED-FORT** SCENE! HERE'S THIS FORT, SEE? ...SURROUNDED BY INDIANS, SEE? HORRIBLE, NAUSEATING INDIANS! INSIDE ARE THE COURAGEOUS SETTLERS AND A GORGEOUS BLONDE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER...SEE? TIME AND TIME AGAIN, MESSENGERS HAVE TRIED TO GET THROUGH TO THE ARMY GARRISON FOR HELP AND HAVE FAILED! FINALLY, THE HERO, LANCE STERLING TAKES A CRACK AT IT! WILL HE DO IT? WILL HE GET THROUGH? WILL HE REACH THE ARMY?... ARE YOU KIDDING? OF COURSE HE WILL! ANYHOW... HERE'S THE WAY THE **SURROUNDED-FORT** SCENE GOES...

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!...HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! HE'S TRYING TO CLIMB INTO HIS SADDLE AND HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

...NERVES!

LANCE STERLING WILL GET THROUGH!

THE INJUNS ARE COMING CLOSER AND THERE GOES OUR LAST BULLET! WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION!

BANG!

WELL THEN LET'S FIX BAYONETS!

AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

...WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM OFF! YOU SEE...

...LANCE STERLING WILL GET THROUGH!

ALL OUR FIXED BAYONETS ARE BROKEN AND UNLESS WE UNFIX THE FIXED AND FIX 'EM... WE'LL BE IN A FIX!

WELL THEN LET'S USE OUR BUTTS!

**NOT THOSE, YOU IDIOTS!** ...WE'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF A LITTLE LONGER!

...LANCE STERLING WILL GET THROUGH!

THERE GOES THE LAST RIFLE-BUTT!... NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

CLENCH YOUR HANDS AND FIST-FIGHT!

USING FOUL PUNCHES ALLOWED?

I THINK WE OUGHT TO MAKE FINGERS ...FINS!

...LANCE STERLING WILL GET THROUGH!

NO!...WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF!

WE'VE WORN OUR FISTS OUT! ONLY THING LEFT IS TO SWEAR!

YOU KNOW... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK LANCE STERLING WON'T GET THROUGH!

...WHAT'S THAT OUT THERE?

...THAT CLOUD OF DUST! ...THOSE THUNDERING HOOFS!... THAT BODY OF HORSEMEN IN THE DISTANCE!... YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

...THE CAVALRY!

...LANCE STERLING GOT THROUGH!

**POOM**  
**BLAM**  
**BLAM**  
**BADA-BAM**  
**RATATAT**  
**BLAM**

LANCE STERLING! I KNEW YOU'D GET THROUGH!

...I **HAD** TO GET THROUGH... BACK TO MY DARLING ...BACK TO WHISPER FERVENTLY... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

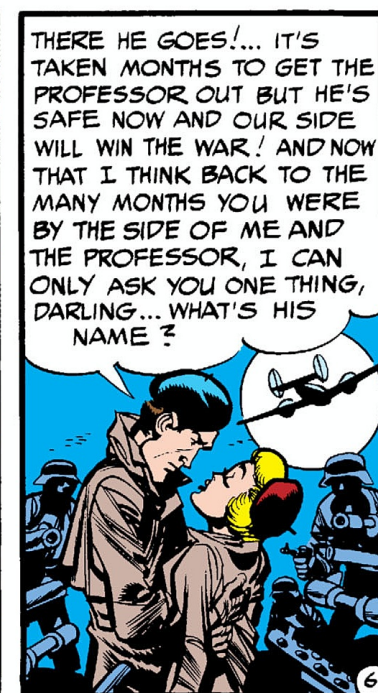


**...NOW HERE'S  
THE SURROUN-  
DED-FORT  
SCENE THE  
WAY WE'D  
LIKE TO  
SEE IT!**





...NEXT, HOW'S ABOUT THE **ESCAPE-FROM-THE-NAZIS** SCENE!... YOU KNOW!... THIS O.S.S. AGENT PARACHUTES INTO FRANCE!... CONTACTS FRENCH UNDERGROUND AGENT, A GORGEOUS BRUNETTE!... THEY GOT THIS HERE OLD NUCLEAR PHYSICIST THEY'VE GOT TO SMUGGLE OUT SO'S THE NAZIS WON'T LEARN THE SECRET OF THE ATOM BOMB AND WIN WAR BEFORE WE DO! FOLLOW? SO THIS SCENE IS CLIMAX WHERE BRITISH PLANE IS LANDING IN SECRET COW-PASTURE AND O.S.S. MAN, NUCLEAR PHYSICIST, AND GORGEOUS BRUNETTE SQUOOSH TO MEET IT... THE **ESCAPE-FROM-THE-NAZIS** SCENE!





**...HERE NOW  
THE ESCAPE-  
FROM-THE  
NAZIS  
SCENE THE  
WAY WE'D  
LIKE TO  
SEE IT!**





LISTEN!... MAYBE YOU AIN'T SEEN ANY OF WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT! ... BUT THIS **NEXT** SCENE, WE GUARANTEE!... HOW'S ABOUT THE SCENE ALWAYS AT THE END OF THE DETECTIVE PICTURE, WHERE THE GOOD GUY, SNOOPING AROUND WITH HIS GIRL... A GORGEOUS RED-HEAD... IS CAUGHT BY THE BAD GUYS! SO NOW THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BUMP HIM OFF! YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THE MAIN CROOK IS... YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOTIVES... THEY'RE GETTING READY TO BUMP HIM OFF! NATURALLY... THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS... IN THE **ABOUT-TO-BUMP-HIM-OFF** SCENE ...

LANCE STERLING, YOU'VE SNOOPED A LITTLE TOO FAR! NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!



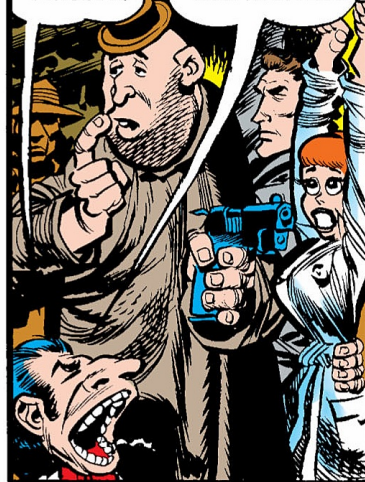
WAIT A MINUTE, GWATHMEY!

...WHY WAIT? HE KNOWS OUR HIDEOUT! IT'S ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL THAT WE GET RID OF HIM!



STUPID FOOL! SCHVEINHUNT! WANNA PIN A MURDER RAP ON US? TAKE 'EM INTO THE WOODS!

...THAT WAY YOU'LL ONLY PIN MURDER RAP ON YOURSELF! THEN YOU CAN HIDE THE BODIES!



O.K., YOU TWO! MARCH OUTSIDE TO THOSE WOODS AND THERE YOU'RE REALLY GONNA GET IT!



STOP HERE BY THE ABANDONED QUARRY!... NOW YOU'RE REALLY REALLY GONNA GET IT... READY... SET... G...

**WAIT!**



BEFORE YOU KILL US, TELL ME JUST ONE THING!... WHY WAS JOE FURD KILLED... HOW BIG IS YOUR GANG... AND WHO IS THE BIG BOSS?



... SURE! ... WHY NOT!

...YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL THE POLICE ANYHOW!



YOU SEE...JOE FURD KNEW TOO MUCH!...HE WAS AN INNOCENT POST-OFFICE CLERK WHO ACCIDENTALLY INSPECTED A PACKAGE CONTAINING A KEY TO A LOCKER IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION! THIS LOCKER CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN JEWELS THAT ALL OF GANGLAND WAS AFTER! A TERRIFIC GANG WAR ENSUED THEREAFTER AND THE GEMS WOUND UP IN THE FAR EAST, STOLEN BY AN INTERNATIONAL GANG!



...FOR YOU SEE, THESE GEMS WERE IN REALITY THE CROWN JEWELS OF THE SMALL BALTIC KINGDOM OF GOOM-BAHVIA WOULD FALL! WE HAD TO KEEP THESE JEWELS FROM GOOMBAHVIA BECAUSE THE HIGHER UPS WOULD PROFIT FROM THE FALL OF GOOMBAHVIA! YOU SEE, GOOMBAHVIA HOLDS A VERY STRATEGIC POSITION, CONTAINING THE GREATEST SUPPLY OF URANIUM IN THE WORLD.



...THAT'S WHY OUR BOSS IS AFTER GOOMBAHVIA! FOR WITH GOOMBAHVIA GONE, THE REST OF THE BALTIC NATIONS WOULD FALL IN LINE AND SOON ALL OF EUROPE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD! AND NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHO THE BIG BOSS IS! WHY NOT?... EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE TAKING SHORT-HAND NOTES, YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL THE POLICE ANYHOW! ... YES YOU GUESSED IT... THE BIG BOSS IS **GEORGI MALENKOV!**



O.K.... NOW YOU'RE **REALLY** GONNA GET IT... HONEST INJUN CROSS MY HEART READY SET GO ONE TWO THR...

**WAIT!**





BEFORE YOU KILL US, LET ME MAKE ONE LAST IMPORTANT FINAL REQUEST OF YOU... ONE LAST REQUEST I WANT TO MAKE... THAT REQUEST WHICH IS... **DON'T!**



...ALL KIDDING ASIDE... ...SURE! ...WHY NOT? ...YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL THE POLICE ANYHOW!



THANKS! I NOTICED YOU CHEWING THE TUTTI-FRUTTI! MY FAVORITE!

O.K.... NOW YOU'RE REALLY GONNA GET IT...



...OH WAIT WAIT! JUST LET ME GIVE A FEW MORE CHEWS INTO THIS NUT-LIKE MINT FLAVOR!

O.K.... NOW YOU'RE REALLY GONNA...



HEY! YOU SPIT THAT WAD OF GUM INTO MY GUN- HAMMER MECHANISM SO'S IT WON'T FIRE!

YOU CATCH ON FAST, BUSTER!

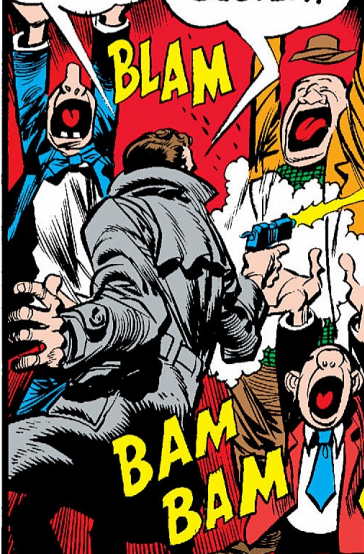


NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE GANG, BUSTER!



NO YOU DON'T, BUSTER!

REACH FOR THE SKY, BUSTER!



LANCE! LANCE! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE YOU CLEVERLY TAPPED OUT IN MORSE CODE BY INSERTING A HAIRPIN INTO THE ELECTRIC OUTLET OF THE HIDEOUT! ...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, BUSTER ... I MEAN, CHIEF!



WELL, DARLING, THE F.B.I. HAS ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE GANG AND THE U.N. IS SAVED! IT'S BEEN A TRYING DAY AND NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, DEAREST, THERE IS ONE THING I WANT TO ASK YOU AND THAT IS, DEAREST ... WHAT'S MY NAME?



...OF COURSE HERE'S THE ABOUT-TO BUMP-HIM-OFF SCENE THE WAY WE'D LIKE TO SEE IT!

LANCE STERLING, YOU'VE SNOOPED A LITTLE TOO FAR! NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!





THEN HERE'S THAT FEATURE YOU ALL KNOW AND LOVE... BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S INTERESTING NOW... YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN IT IN THE OLD DAYS! YOU OLD-TIMERS KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!... REMEMBER WHEN THEY FIRST STARTED PRINTING IT? MEMBER, YOU OLD-TIMERS?... IT WAS REAL QUEER... REAL WEIRD... REAL **ECHHHH!**... YOU KNOW... LIKE PEOPLE WHO READ **MAD!**... MEMBER YOU BUSTED-DOWN OLD-TIMERS YOU?... OF COURSE, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT **RIPUP'S** ~~~~~

# Believe It or Don't!



## THE HUMAN PINCUSHION

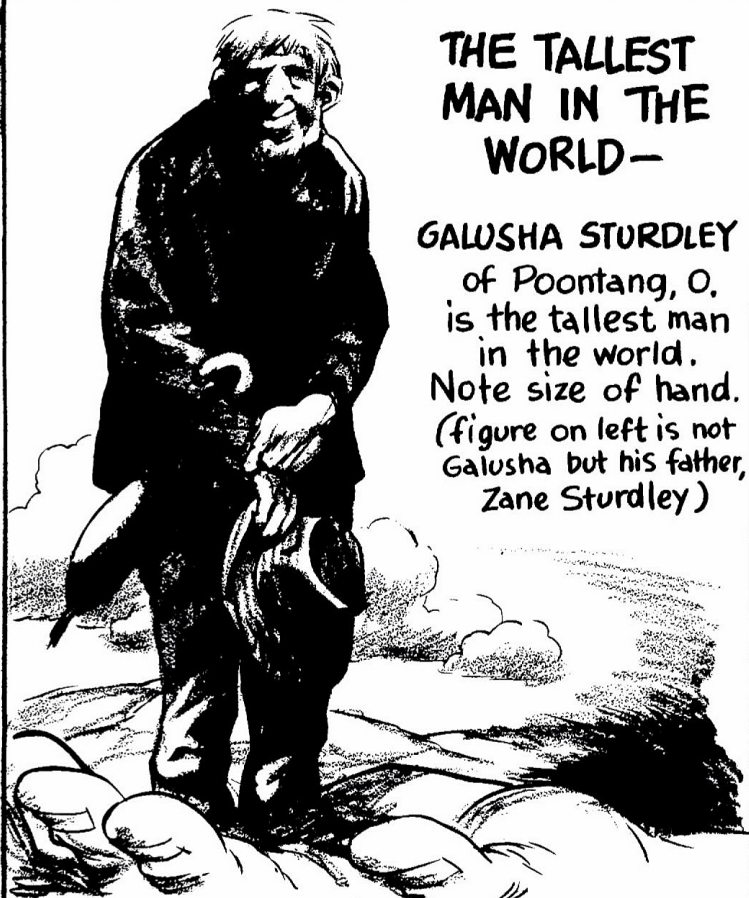
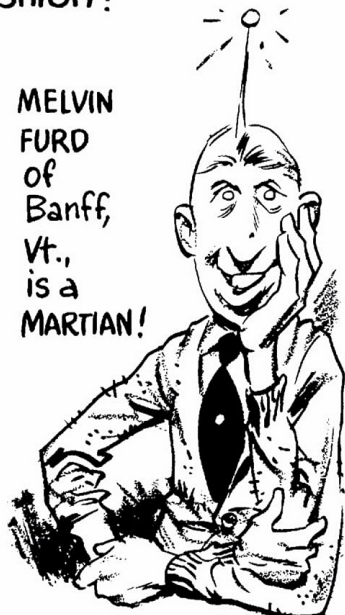
**GUNG GOHOME**, Hindu Ascetic, WALKED IN THE **HOT SUN** with **50** sharp spear-like pins embedded in his flesh — to make pennance — to punish self — but mainly to help wife who was sewing new veil and needed pin-cushion!



### SYMBOL OF DEATH!

SACRED SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN SYMBOL, WHEN GAZED UPON, CAUSES DEATH WITHIN THE YEAR! Too bad if You looked.

MELVIN FURD of Banff, Vt., is a MARTIAN!



### THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD—

**GALUSHA STURDLEY** of Poontang, O. is the tallest man in the world. Note size of hand. (figure on left is not Galusha but his father, Zane Sturdley)

GALUSHA IS HAND FATHER ZANE IS STANDING UPON!

**Rrrrrrrrip** ~~~~~



... 'MEMBER? HAH?... 'MEMBER THE WAY HE'D SHOW A GUY WHO COULD STICK HIS ELBOW IN HIS EAR?... OR THE GUY WHO HANGS BY HIS EYEBALLS?... OR THE GUY WHO COULD STICK HIS ELBOW IN HIS EYEBALLS WHILE HANGING BY HIS EAR? BUT MAINLY HE'D DIG UP THESE UNBELIEVABLE FACTS YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IN A MILLION YEARS... FULLY AUTHENTICATED, FULLY DOCUMENTED, AND APPROVED BY PARENTS MAGAZINE... LIKE FOR INSTANCE...

# RIPUP'S — Believe It or Don't!

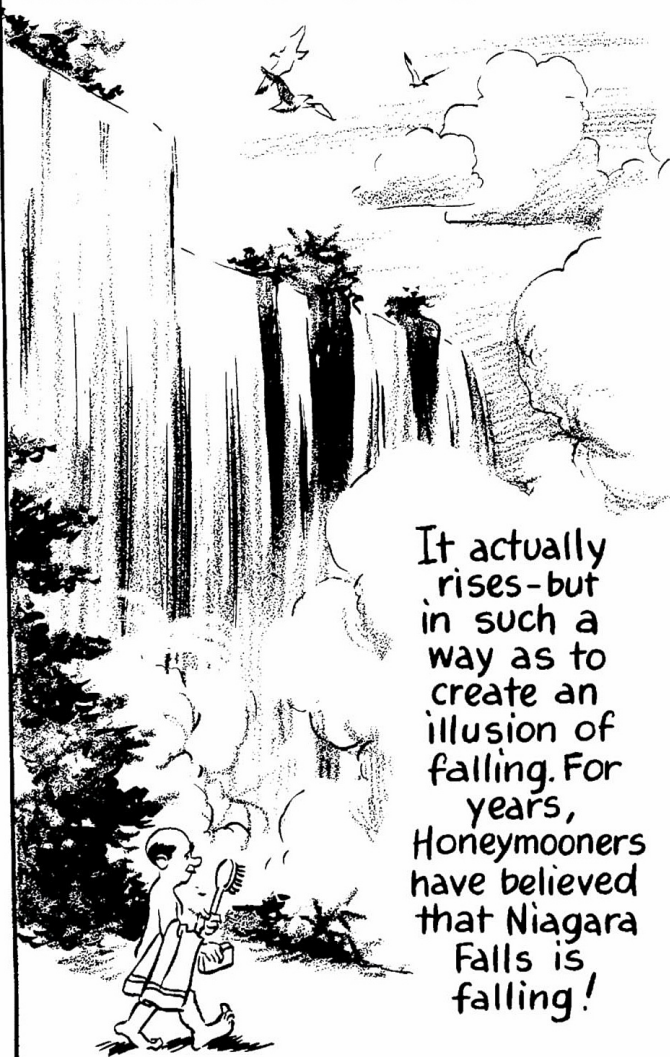
## JOSEPH STALIN

**WAS BORN IN THE BRONX!**

HE WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE  
SELLING MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS,  
AND THEN WENT WEST TO BE A COWBOY  
BEFORE HE CROSSED THE OCEAN  
AND BECAME DICTATOR OF  
**RUSSIA!**



### NIAGARA FALLS DOES **NOT** FALL!



It actually  
rises-but  
in such a  
way as to  
create an  
illusion of  
falling. For  
years,  
Honeymooners  
have believed  
that Niagara  
Falls is  
falling!

### THE EARTH HAS 10 YEARS TO LIVE!

A comet is heading  
**DIRECTLY TOWARDS EARTH**  
and is due to smash it  
into oblivion in **APRIL, 1955!**



**FIRE**  
IS A LIQUID!

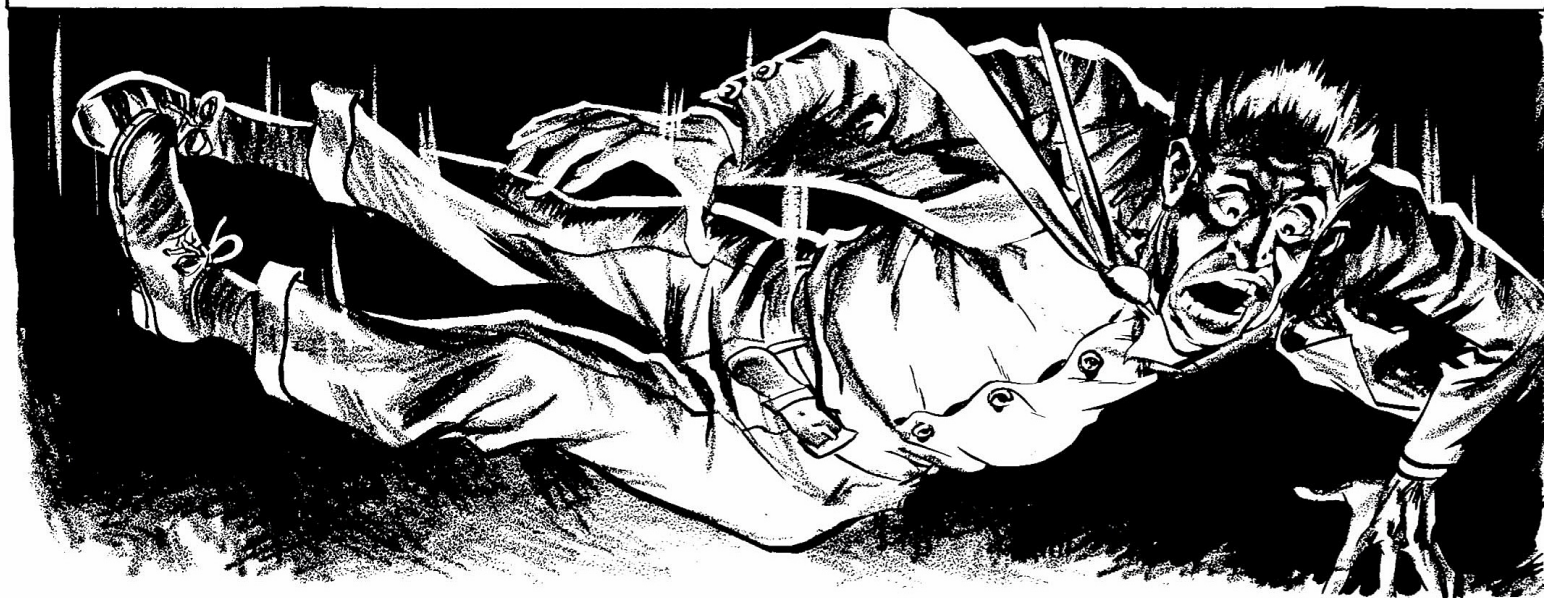
$$5+3-2=7248$$

*Rrrrrrip*



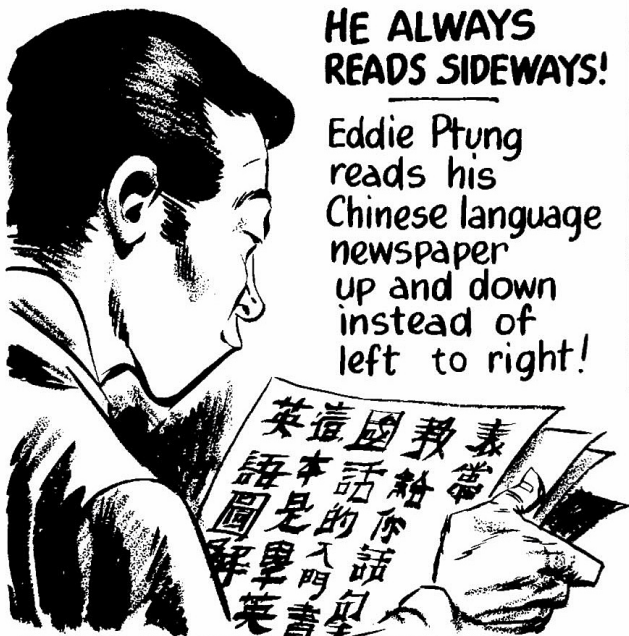
...MEMBER?... BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO, AS YOU OLD-TIMERS... YOU BUSTED-DOWN RACKETTY OLD-TIMERS... REMEMBER! MEANWHILE, RIPUP IS FOR MANY YEARS, GONE FROM THE SCENE! NEVERTHELESS, "BELIEVE IT OR DON'T" CONTINUES... BUT SOMEHOW, IT'S NOT THE SAME!... SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE... SOMETIME... SOMEHOW... SOMEWHERE... IT IS DIFFERENT!... THE **EUCHHH** IS GONE!... YOU SEE... **EUCHHH** HAS BEEN REPLACED BY **YECHHH**!... LIKE FOR INSTANCE...

# RIPUP'S — Believe It or Don't!



## RENFREW ZETS FELL FROM A 50 STORY WINDOW- AND LIVED!

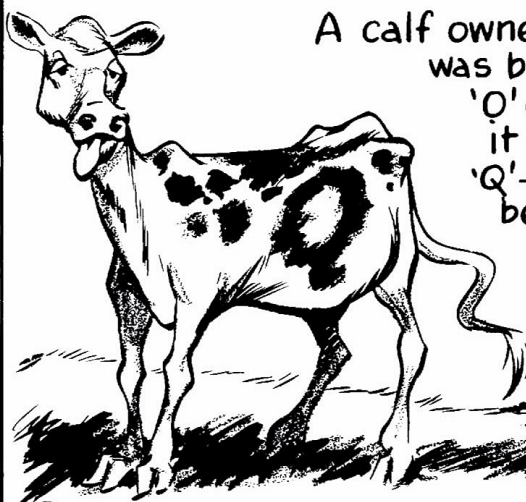
Fortunately, there was a fire escape outside the window.



### HE ALWAYS READS SIDWAYS!

Eddie Ptung reads his Chinese language newspaper up and down instead of left to right!

### CALF BORN WITH LETTER 'O'!



A calf owned by Elmer Smurd was born with the letter 'O' on its side — or it might have been a 'Q' — or it could even be a face — then again it could be a crooked egg —

### OPTICAL ILLUSION

Sent in by Robert Hall  
JACKET SEEMS TO TURN INSIDE-OUT, YET STAYS OUTSIDE-IN AND VISA-VERSA! (And why not? It's a reversible!)



**SERUTAN**

spelled backwards is

**NATURES**



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.: THIS IS THE STORY ABOUT A WOMAN, WHO IN SPITE OF THE SUCCESS HER BEAUTY BROUGHT HER, WAS NOT AVERSE TO TAKING OFF HER SHOES TO WALK BAREFOOT, BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO KEEP HER FEET IN THE DIRT ... BECAUSE SHE WANTED TO PRESERVE AN HONEST PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE ... BECAUSE, *MAINLY*, SHE HAD CORNS ...

# THE BAREFOOT NOCOUNTRESSA!

"THE  
WORLD'S  
MOST  
BEAUTIFUL  
ANIMAL"\*

with  
*Humphry*  
**YOGURT**  
AND  
*Ava*  
**NOTHER**

PLUS A CAST OF  
PLASTER

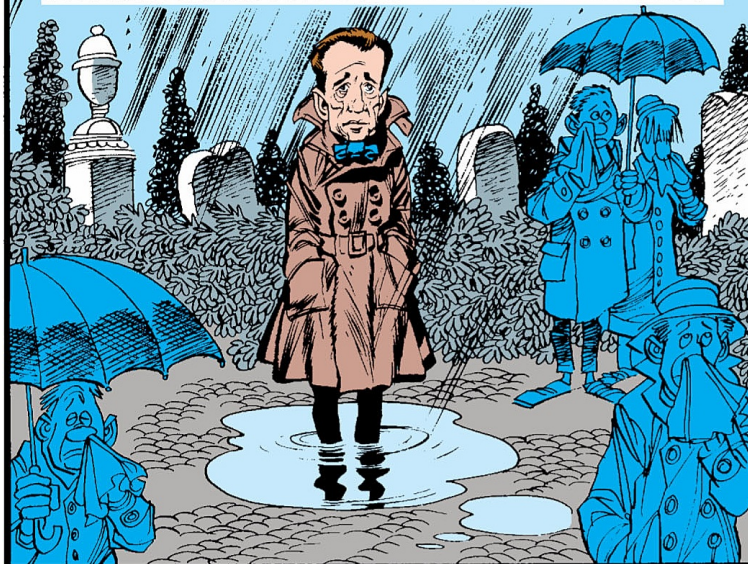
\* starring 'LASSIE'

PRODUCED BY JACK DAVIS

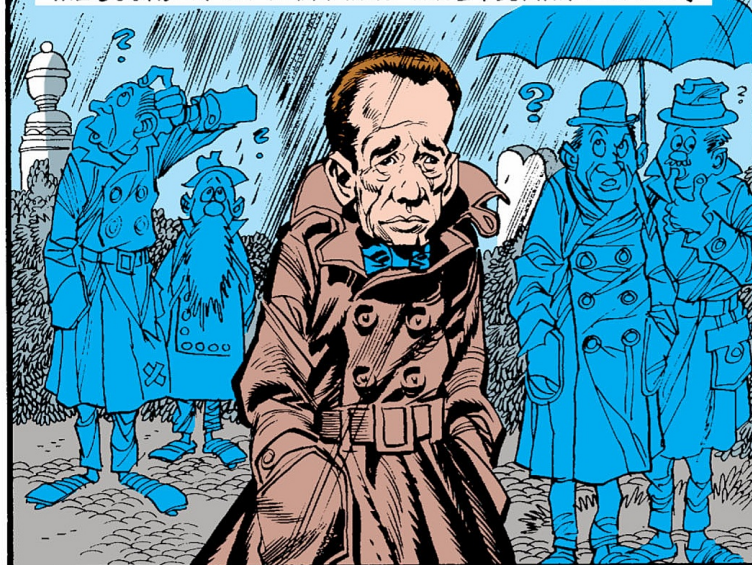




MY NAME IS HARRY DRAWERS!...I'M STANDING IN THE RAIN IN A CEMETERY IN ITALY... MY HEART FILLED WITH GRIEF!...YES FILLED WITH GRIEF AND DESPAIR FOR YOU SEE...I FORGOT TO WEAR MY RUBBERS!



THEY'RE BURYING THE BAREFOOT NOCOUNTESSA! ...DEAD, YOU KNOW!... THAT'S THE WAY THIS PICTURE STARTS... WITH ONLY THE SOUND OF THE RAIN AND THE SOUND OF MY NARRATING VOICE FLOATING IN AIR!



BY GEORGE...I'M DRIVING 'EM ALL NUTS HERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE VOICE FLOATING IN AIR IS COMING FROM!



...THE STORY STARTED IN SPAIN WHERE WE HAD GONE TO SEE HER DANCE!...WE HEARD SHE COULD CUT A MEAN RUSSIAN KAZOTSKA!



I WAS WITH EDWARD KIRKS, PRODUCER...AND OSCAR BUFFONO, PUBLICITY MAN! I WAS A WASHED-UP DIRECTOR (I LIKED TO BE CLEAN)!



KIRKS, USED TO HAVING HIS WAY, SENT THE WAITER TO ORDER THE 'BAREFOOT' TO COME FROM HER DRESSING ROOM TO HIS TABLE...SHE WOULDN'T COME! HE SENT THE MANAGER...OSCAR...ME...THE POLICE...THE ARMY...SHE WOULDN'T COME!



SHE HAD SPUNK! PRIDE! INDEPENDENCE!... BUT MAINLY WHY SHE WOULDN'T COME WAS SHE WASN'T AROUND THAT DAY! SO KIRKS SENT ME TO FETCH HER FROM HOME... A QUANT SPANISH APT. IN A PICTURESQUE SPANISH SETTING!





THE QUIANT SHRIEKING OF HER EVER-LOVING PEASANT FAMILY REACHED ME AS THE DOOR OPENED! SHE STOOD THERE, AND AS I GAZED UPON HER BEAUTY, I WAS STRUCK DUMB!...YES!... BY A WHIZZING BAG OF GARBAGE!



IT WAS THEN I KNEW AND UNDERSTOOD WHY SHE WALKED BAREFOOT... THAT THIS PEASANT LIFE WAS A PART OF HER... AND IT WAS HERE THAT HER HEART WAS AND HERE SHE BELONGED!... SHE SPOKE...



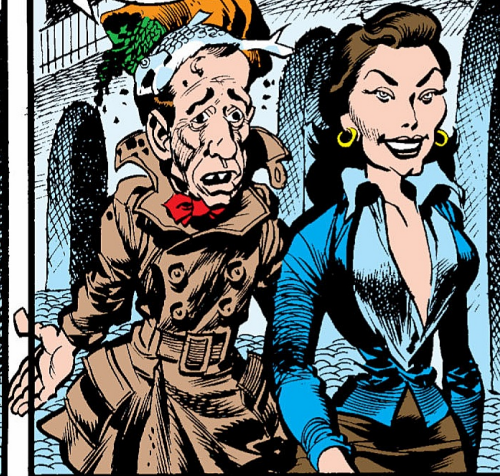
YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... TO KIRKS? ...TO HOLLYWOOD? ...WITHOUT EVEN PACKING OR TAKING YOUR SHOES?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS... IT IS WELL TO KEEP THE FEET IN THE DIRT!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE TO YOUR QUIANT PEASANT FOLKS?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS!



YOU MEAN YOU'LL GO **NOW**... WITHOUT EVEN SHUTTING OFF THE WATER IN THE TUB?

...I HAVE THE PHILOSOPHY... QUE SARA SARA ... OR WHO'S SARAH?



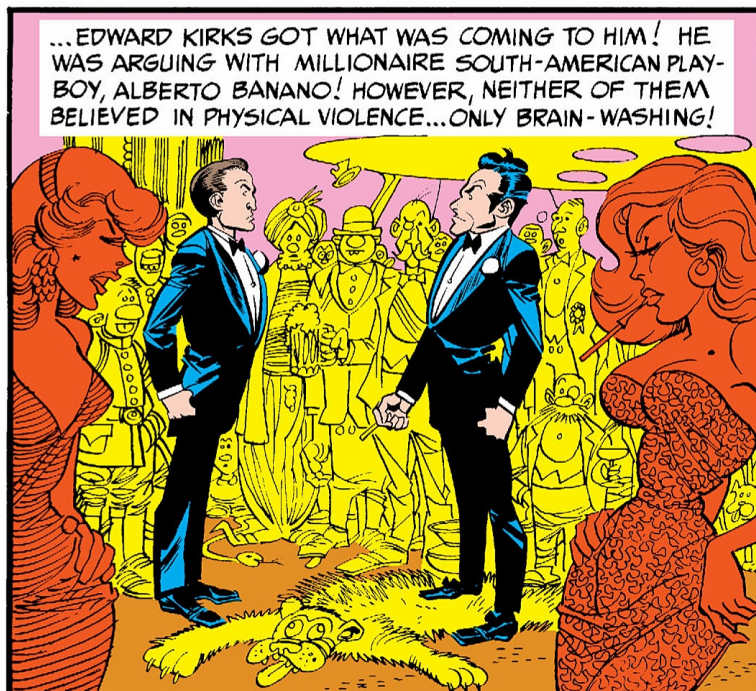
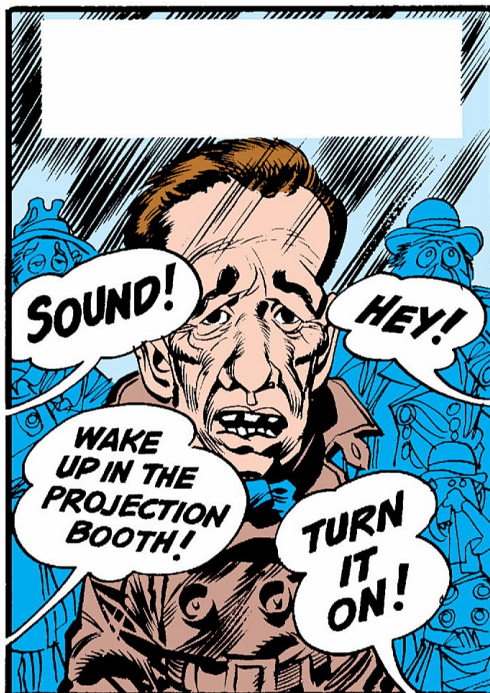
AND SO I TOOK THE 'BAREFOOT' AWAY TO THE U.S., TO EDWARD KIRKS WHO WAS DESTINED TO BE HER BOYFRIEND!... NO... JUST BECAUSE HER ARMS WERE AROUND MY NECK IT DIDN'T MEAN LOVE!



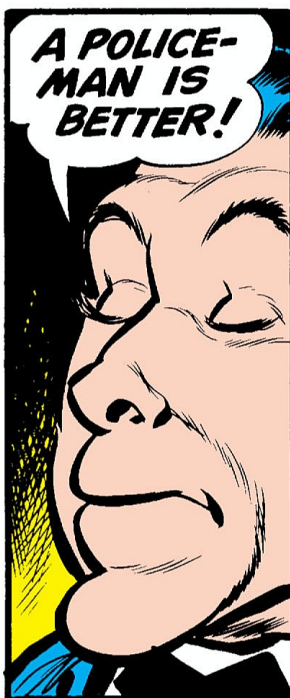
WHAT IT MEANT THAT HER ARMS WERE ABOUT MY NECK, THAT HER BODY WAS PRESSED CLOSE TO MINE AND THAT HER HEAD LEANED ON MY SHOULDER WAS HER FEET HURT AND I HADDA CARRY HER PIGGY-BACK!













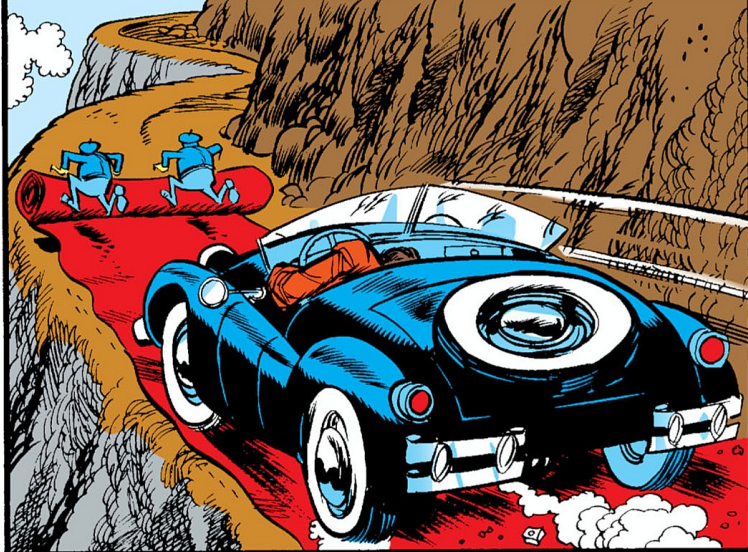
BUT IT PUZZLED ME... WHY THE BAREFOOT NOCOUNTESSA NEVER STUCK WITH ONE MAN... WHY THIS BURIAL IS TAKING SO LONG!

HOWEVER DESPITE HER RICHES... SHE REMAINED SIMPLE AT HEART ALWAYS KEEPING A SILVER DISH OF DIRT NEAR TO PUT HER FEET IN!

BUT I COULD SEE SHE WAS REST-LESS... UNABLE TO SIT STILL!... I THINK WHAT IT WAS IS SHE GOT A ITCHY RASH FROM KEEPING FEET IN DIRT!

ACTUALLY SHE WAS EVER SEEKING A PRINCE-CHARMING WHO WAS ALSO HONEST, SIMPLE, BASIC, DOWN-TO-EARTH BUT MAINLY FILTHY-RICH! AND ONE DAY HE CAME ALONG... **COUNT VINCENZO-TORLATO-PIZZARIA!**

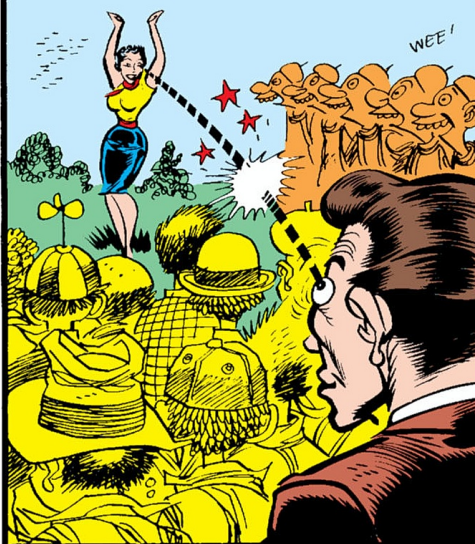
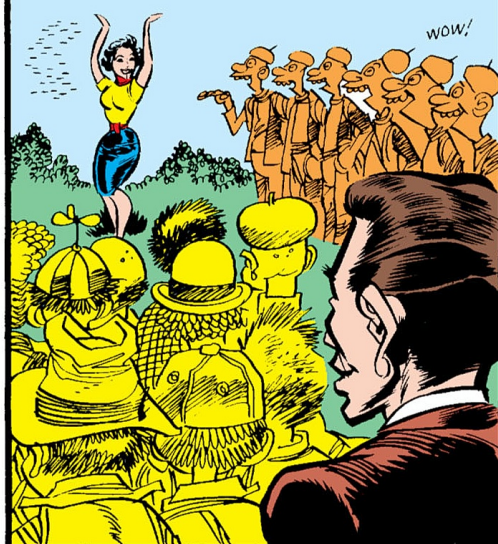
THE 'BAREFOOT' WAS DANCING IN A FIELD AMID A BUNCH OF HONEST, SIMPLE, BASIC, DOWN-TO-EARTH LOUSY PEASANT SKUNK-FARMER GYPSIES! THE COUNT STOPPED THE CAR OBEYING A MYSTERIOUS INEXPLICABLE FORCE, NAMELY HER SHAPE!



...AND THE MOMENT THEIR EYES MET ... THEY KNEW THEY WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER... EVEN THOUGH SHE COULD ONLY SEE ONE EYE!

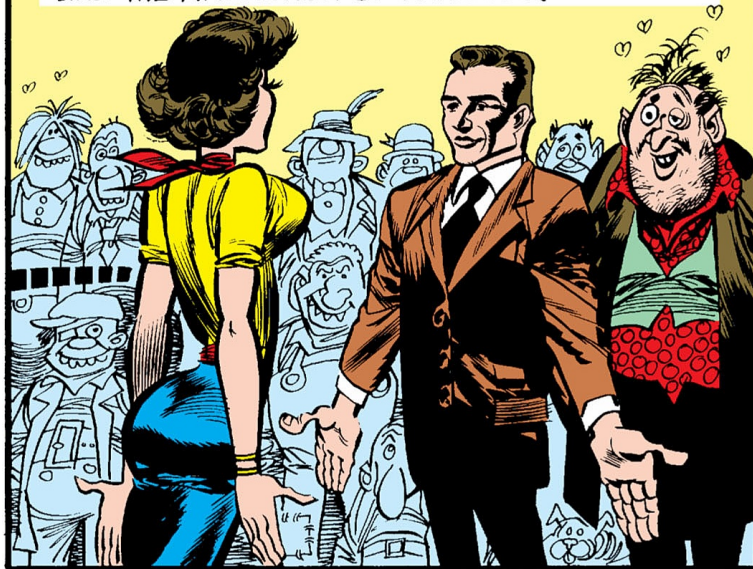
...AND HE COULD ONLY SEE THE SIDE OF ONE EYE... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... HOW SOME ENCHANTED EVENING, YOU WILL SEE A STRANGER...

...YOU WILL SEE A STRANGER ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM... THEN FLY TO HER SIDE, AND MAKE HER YOUR OWN... **HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WRONG STORY!**

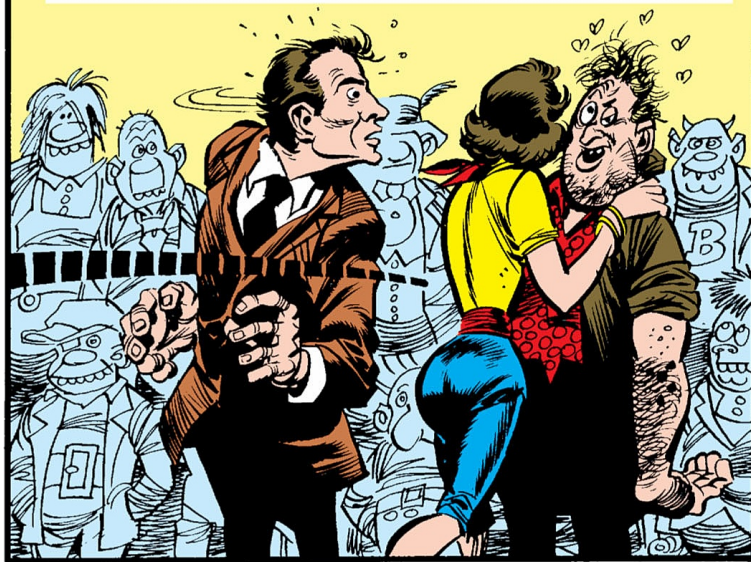




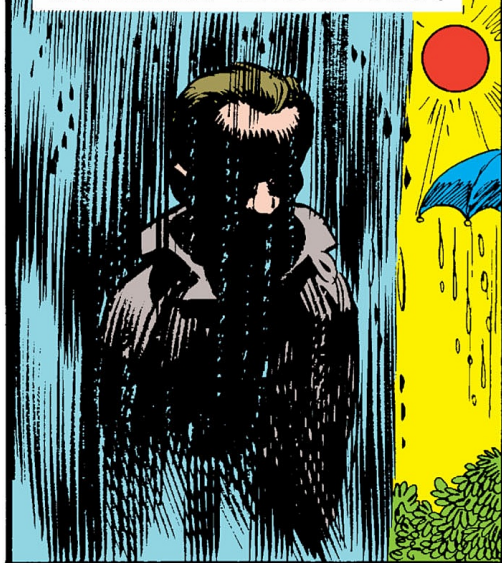
STRANGE, THE WORKINGS OF FATE, TAKING TWO PEOPLE A THOUSAND MILES APART AND BRINGING THEIR PATHS TOGETHER WITH AN INVISIBLE, YET IRRESISTIBLE FORCE LIKE THE ATTRACTION OF A MAGNET!



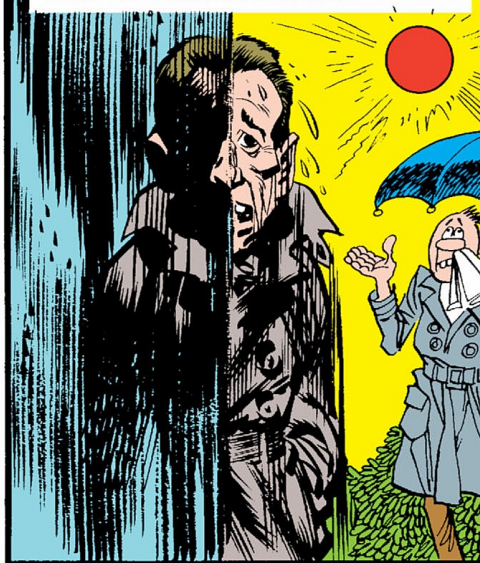
YES... STRANGE, HOW OF ALL THE MEN IN THIS WORLD, SHE CAME STRAIGHT TO HIM LIKE ANIRON FILING (Fe)!... STRAIGHT TO COUNT VINCENZO TORLATO-PIZZERIA YOU SAY?... NAAH!... STRAIGHT TO MELVIN COZNOWSKI!



HOWEVER, EVENTUALLY SHE CAME TO COUNT VINCENZO-TORLATO-PIZZERIA... TO COUNT HIS MONEY THAT IS... THEY WERE MARRIED!



BUT, LIKE WITH ALL THE OTHER MEN IN HER LIFE, TROUBLE AROSE... NAMELY HE KILLED HER! THIS TIME HER TROUBLE LOOKED SERIOUS!



YES... HE SHOT THE 'BAREFOOT,' PROBABLY IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY! ... AH THE BURIAL IS OVER! THERE'S THE COUNT NOW ...



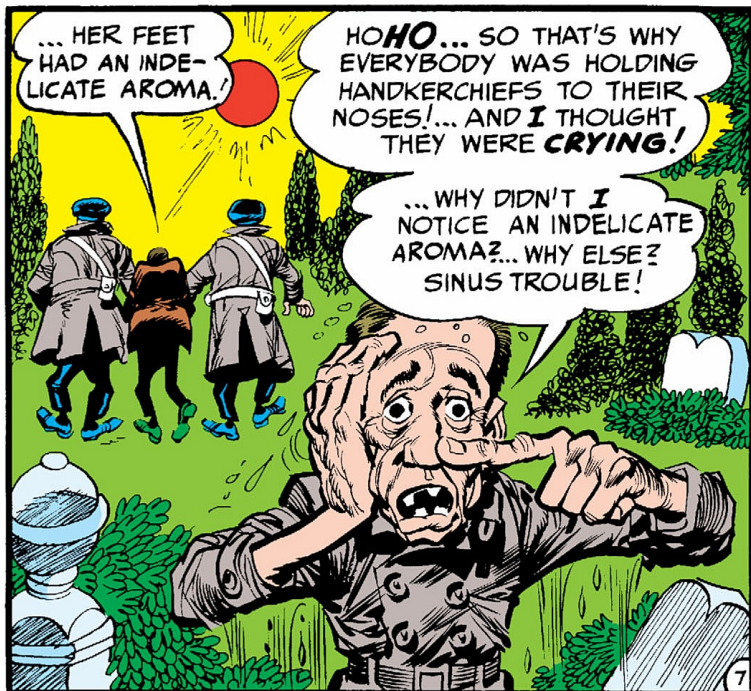
YOU THINK SHE HAD TROUBLE WITH THE MEN IN HER LIFE BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY?... YOU THINK I SHOT HER BECAUSE OF JEALOUSY? WELL YOU'RE WRONG! EVERYTHING WAS WONDERFUL! EVERYTHING WAS FINE... UNTIL SHE TOOK OFF HER SHOES!... I COULDN'T STAND IT WHENEVER SHE TOOK OFF HER FURSHLUGINNER SHOES! ... FOR YOU SEE...



... HER FEET HAD AN INDELICATE AROMA!

HOHO... SO THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY WAS HOLDING HANDKERCHIEFS TO THEIR NOSES!... AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE **CRYING**!

... WHY DIDN'T I NOTICE AN INDELICATE AROMA?... WHY ELSE? SINUS TROUBLE!



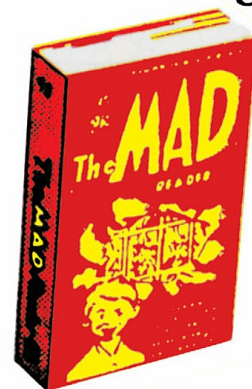


And now, for you MAD readers, an important, astounding, fantastic, dull announcement. We the editors are pleased to announce that a collection of MAD stories have been reprinted in a pocket-book-size edition entitled "The MAD Reader" (after you). For this collection, we have selected the cream of the crop (or the dregs of the earth, whichever the case may be). Yes . . . MAD is marching forward along the victorious path, striding to greater heights, making inroads, as ever, towards destroying minds.

This nauseating little package can be purchased for a trifling 35c. Don't be a cheap-skate . . . the object of scorn and ridicule. Scrape up this miserable 35c. We don't question where you get the money . . . whether it's hot or not.

For long hours of enjoyment and happiness, get this book. For the pleasure and entertainment of your friends, get this book. But mainly for the loot we make from the sale of each copy, get this book. Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! Buy The MAD Reader! . . . (We're burning it into your brain, by George!)

Now go out to your drugstore, your newsstand, your candy store, anyplace they sell pocket-books, and buy . . . *buy* . . . BUY . . . the Farmer's Almanac. There's a useful magazine.



*The MAD Reader*



# **Here is the very important announcement.**

Any you readers see a lost umbrella on the New Haven commuters' train last week? A black umbrella on the New Haven Commuters' train last week? We lost a good umbrella on the New Haven commuters' train last week. A man's umbrella with a wooden handle. With a piece of friction tape around the cracked part of the handle. We would appreciate information from whoever saw this umbrella on the New Haven Commuters' train last week.

Seriously, though it may come as a shock (or a pleasant surprise) to you, with this issue, #23, we are discontinuing MAD comic book.

But don't go away.

We're expanding MAD into a regular big 25c magazine with pictures, printed lettering, covers, and everything, gang. Boy, what exciting plans. Are we excited. Mainly since this may put us out of business, we're sick to our stomachs with excitement. Exciting plans are now under way to turn MAD into a regular large-sized adult magazine. For the past two years now, MAD has been dulling the senses of the country's youth. Now we get to work on the adults. As yet, we haven't determined our publication date, but the new MAD should be on the stands within 3 months. Now if each one of you good-old loyal MAD readers gets your parents to go out and buy 150 copies of the New MAD when it appears, we are bound to be a success. We know you'll do this little favor for us, eh, loyal readers?

End of important message.

—the Editors of MAD